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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.
Vol. XIII.—No. 634.] SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1896.

[ONE PENNY.]



A POPULAR WIN.

"Poor dear Papa is, at the present moment, the idol of the hour. The sensational and altogether unexpected victory of "The Skunk" in the Hunt Cup at Ascot is the one topic of conversation everywhere. The animal had been such a hopeless 'stumer' ever since Dad started training it, that although he made no secret of his confidence, few people took his advice to "put their undershirts on it." All the same the win was a most popular one, and I am told Alexandry rode a masterly race. The ovation that greeted the fortunate owner as he led his horse proudly back to the paddock is indescribable. The Derby Day enthusiasm was a fool to it."—TOOTSIE.

TAKEN TOO LITERALLY.



(1) Mrs. Brown. Ah! I 'ave my trials, I can assure you, ma'am. Brown is a terrible man to live with. The New District Visitor. Live with! But—er—excuse me, ma'am, I—er—thought you were—er—married to Mr. Brown!



(2) (About this period, the New District Visitor was seen to issue very suddenly from the portals of the Browns' villa. In her haste she unfortunately left a goodly portion of her hair behind her!)

THE MONTSORREL MURDER.

At the assizes at Leicester, in March, 1832, a woman called Sarah Smith, a woman of very forbidding appearance, was tried for murder under extraordinary circumstances.

Smith lived with her husband, and she invited Elizabeth Wood, the victim, to leave her employment and come and stay with her. Shortly after the girl came her hostess purchased an ounce of laudanum, representing that her guest was suffering from cholera. Next day she called in a young doctor, who prescribed a powder.

The next, she was rather better, but a day or two afterwards Mrs. Smith bought more laudanum and one pennyworth of arsenic, which she said she wanted to destroy mice. When the doctor came she showed him the paper of arsenic and requested him to mix some for her, as she did not like to meddle with it. He accordingly took a small pinch and mixed it up for her with some crumbs. During the afternoon Sarah Smith sent her friend up a little broth, after which the girl had agonising pains, and died in the night.

Many of those who heard the trial thus far were at a total loss to find any motive for the crime. It appeared also that she had purchased the poison openly, and had communicated the fact of the girl's illness to her relations, and asked a sister to come and stay with and help to nurse her. And now an extraordinary thing occurred; the prisoner

"RANK" INSOLENCE.

FACT, WE ASSURE YOU.

POOR, DEAR GIRL!

HE WON'T HAVANNA MORE.



"Ullo! Tommy, why, yer got yer red light up at the mast head."



Having to remove some old paint from the walls of the Mildeweries, a brilliant idea struck one of the workmen. He simply asked SLOPER to breathe on it. The effect was magical, and SLOPER will shortly be run as a Company (Ltd.) for up-to-date Spring Cleanings, etc.



"DEAREST OF LILLIES.—Bertie wants me to do the Big Wheel with him, but I positively daren't. If the thing got stuck, and I were out all night, I believe it would kill me. The dear boy must put it off for a bit, until my nerves are stronger. Yours, lovingly, MAY."



"Not bad cigars, these?" "No; who gave 'em you?"

MR. PLOFFS'S BARGAIN.



(1) "A shilling and my old trousers for the plant? Very well; give me change for a sovereign, and wait while I go and take them off."



(2) Anon he returned with the garment. "You are sure it is a hardy annual?" "Sartin, gov'nor; grows anywhere all the year round, and keeps bloomin' for a twelvemonth."



(3) At the moment that Mr. Ploffs discovered there was no root to the hardy annual, he remembered he had placed the change for the sovereign in his old baggs!

* * Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

IT MIGHT HAVE SCARED HIM.



"I thought Lord Rollix was rather distant last night." "Perhaps he's seen you without your make-up."

HE HASN'T CALLED LATELY.



Guest. This is really a magnificent piece of Stilton, Mrs. De Smythe; it's a relish you should keep for your own use. I shouldn't bring a splendid piece of cheese like this out for any old fool who may drop in to see you.

Hostess. No, I don't, as a rule; but I made a mistake this time.

No. 448.—MISS EFFIE STERN.

"Say, darling, say that I may call thee mine!"
—The Duck Snook.

"Who ever yet beheld such peerless beauty?"
—Lord Bob.

"Tell me, my Muse, how I can sing her praises!"
—The Hon. Billy.



THE ELDER GETS JAMESMARMALADEY.



(1) It is to be regretted that the dear Elder has been drinking of late, and has been giving the Laird "fits."

(2) Pursuing him night and day, up hill and down dale.

(3) And after McParritch had French-nailed them both, he said, "McNab's a bit o' a fool after all; why can't he stay at home and peacefully drink, instead o' flying about like a skyrocket out for a beanfeast!"



YALE : COLUMBIA . I .



Superhuman Sharks.



The Nether Sole Kiss.



The Miltial Month.



The Champion Courtier.



The Corean King's creditor.



At last.

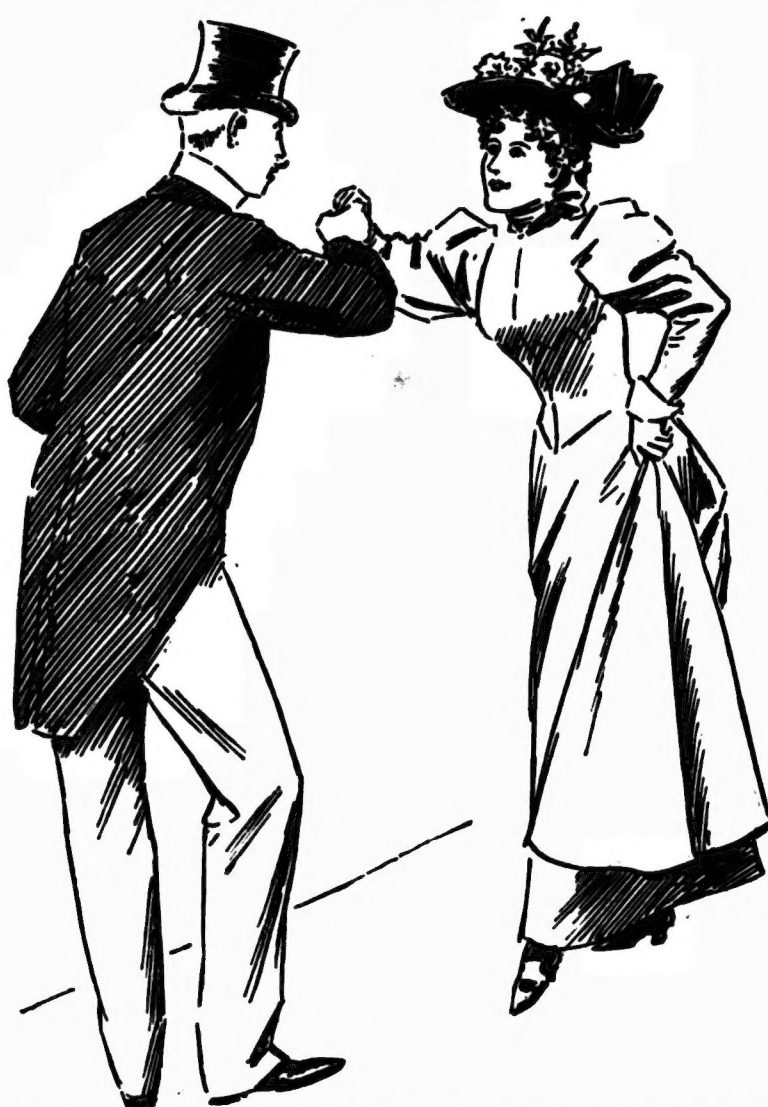
OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Athletic legs has Mr. Flack, Which serve him grandly on the track :—A kiss that's bound to be the rage, The most artistic on the stage :—A motley set they are, it's true, But very decent soldiers, too :—The Yankee youths to England come, To make affairs at Henley hum :—Both Yorks and Surrey have, so far, Had little their success to mar :—The King of Corea, they say, His bill for trousers will not pay :—Rain comes at length, but sad to state, In many parts it's far too late.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE DEUCE OF A FIX.



"Great Expectations," not from a Dickensonian point of view.



ON THE SAMPLE.

"Ullo! Billy, where ye going?" "To git father's beer." "Let's come with ye."



"You are not going to bathe just after your lunch, surely?" "Oh! I only had crab, and lobster, and a fried dab; all fish, you know."

Our Artist. I say, excuse my not taking my hat off, but I made a mistake this morning, and sprayed my head with "Fixative" instead of "Bay Rum," and I'm bothered if I can move it now.



Bill (as his donah comes out of the scoffing shop). I 'opes as 'ow she's 'ad stooed eels, 'cos the flaviur goes proper wif kisses; but if it's tripe, ugh! I'm orf!

ALLY-CAMPANE.

MISS MAY YOHÉ was not particularly well advised in reviving, at the Court, a work that never met with any marked degree of success. It really seems a pity that this clever and sprightly little lady should have gone to all the trouble and expense of lavishly mounting a somewhat stale attraction, when the same expenditure might have been bestowed upon some new piece in which it would have been no difficult task to have found a character to which Miss Yohé could do greater justice than she does to her present one. Truth to tell, her rendering of Denise, in *Mam'zelle Nitouche*, is a sadly inartistic one: she fails totally to understand the character; and though this appears to detract but little from the enjoyment of the audience, it goes to prove our contention that Miss Yohé has been seen to greater advantage.



THE Gin-Soaked Ruin has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon ABE GARRETT, because he's a champion chairman. "Feyther," chortled the Cerulean-Orbed, gleefully, "this is another case o' virtoo rewarded. Mr. G.'s a right down good sort; he makes a slap-up president of a smoking concert, and as the proprietor of the St. Mary's Charterhouse Club and Institute, and the Copper's Arms, Golden Lane, Old Street, he's widely known and respected. Of course, any mug can see that your little dodge is to try and get free drinks for a week or— But the Antiquated anticipated what was coming, and with a well-aimed paste-pot, nipped the insult in the bud.

Now is the time when the allurements of Father Thames prove irresistibly attractive to lovers of our silvery stream. It is now that boatloads of loveliness and manly beauty dot the upper reaches of the river, when the waterside hotels charge five shillings for cold meat and pickles, and the steam launch, with its rowdy crew of excursionists, strikes terror into the heart of the gentle angler and the lover of riparian solitude. It is now that the theatrical understudy gets her long-wished-for chance, while the leading lady spends a brief holiday upon her own, or someone else's, houseboat; when courageous young gentlemen go "camping out" on wet banks and cold nights, and sow the seeds of deadly consumption or chronic rheumatism. In short, the river season has now commenced.

The *Sloper Warrant* has this day been presented to Charles Le-Page, of 6 Listerhills Road, Bradford. The appointment places Charlie in the enviable position of *Conjuring Apparatus Maker* to A. SLOPER. It is really a new leaf in Page's life.

DURING the Seaside Season, A. SLOPER proposes bathing at least once a week. The Old 'Un, however, reserves to himself the right to alter the programme.

A. SLOPER strongly recommends the application of a little golden syrup to bald heads on extra hot days. From experience he finds the flies rather like it.

THE sportive youth at the Crystal Palace, who the other day mistook Uncle Boffin's lower chest for a punching machine, won't fall into the same error again. Uncle had just had his boots *whiled-you-waited*, and that young man will now, in a bruised and tinted condition, sleep with his forefathers a bit earlier than he reckoned for.

THE Ancient toddled gaily into the South London the other night, and after an affectionate greeting with the courteous and popular Mr. Frank Egerton, to whose able management so much of the hall's success is due, put himself behind a big cigar, and enjoyed what may be always found there—a first-rate programme. Rosie Coleman, the Two McNaughtons, Gwennie Hasto, Kate Carney, and Marie Kendall were among the talent, as well as the popular artiste, of whom we give an illustration—Alec Hurley. Every music-hall frequenter knows his tuneful coster ditty, "I ain't a-goin' to tell." It is, perhaps, the prettiest air ever heard on the variety boards, and Alec, needless to say, is a great and welcome favourite.

THE Indian native, Ally Mahomet, who may be seen any day in the week in the grounds of the Earl's Court Exhibition, is a third cousin on the off-side of the Eminent's. Ally Mahomet's mother was a Mrs. Curry-Chutney, a rare scorcher in her time, and she emigrated to India some years since and married Mr. Mahomet.

Taking 'em all round, they're a warm lot.

It wasn't Mrs. Sloper who sang out at the match between Middlesex v. Notts, "Good Lord's deliver us!" It was another old gal.

SLOPER'S DANCING ACADEMY.

SIGNOR SLOPERINI IS ANXIOUS THAT HIS PATRONS SHOULD KNOW THAT THE HOT WEATHER WILL IN NO WAY AFFECT THE CLASSES. PINKTITE VILLA IS NOW WELL SUPPLIED WITH REFRIGERATORS AND A SLIDING ROOF.



No. 10.—Miss Dilly Wagner in the "Jester's March." A charming movement becoming a truly modest and extra cuddle-able damsel.

A SCENE FROM REAL LIFE.

It happened at the western end of Piccadilly on a very recent afternoon. The sun had been baking the paving-stones all day long, and the wooden road was parched and dusty. Horses were panting and perspiring, omnibuses were lumbering lazily along, and everybody seemed more or less oppressed, save a little ragged gamin of the gutter, who sat on the iron bench by the park railings nearly opposite the Junior Athenæum Club. Presently an elegant mail-phæton, on which the varnish glistened like wet grass, drawn by a matchless pair of high-stepping bays, came along. It was driven by a dark gentleman, with a large, benevolent nose, and an immense pink flower in his buttonhole. As it slowed up a little, there being a temporary block in the traffic ahead, the gentleman threw away a cigar only a quarter consumed, but which had gone out. It fell almost at the foot of the boy sitting on the iron bench, and he literally flung himself upon it. He picked it up, brushed off the dust of the road with great tenderness, and scooted across the roads towards the small shops in Shepherds' Market.

"Bloomy!" he cried, "it ain't often as I takes a weed wiv Baron Rothschild, but I'm condescendin' to to-day!"

He turned into a little chandlery shop; a surly old man in an apron stood behind the counter.

"Guv'nor," said the boy, "give us a light, will yer?"

"We don't give things away here," growled the old shop-keeper, "matches is a ha-penny a box."

"Well, I've got to 'ave 'em if they're a tanner a-piece," said the young 'un, enthusiastically, as he searched in his ragged trousers, and eventually pulled out a copper coin. Helping himself to one of the stinking Swedish tändstickor, he ignited it by drawing it across his ragged "bags," and applied the flame to the precious weed.

"There!" he said, contentedly, as he blew a wreath of blue smoke into the old chandleryman's eye, "if anybody should ask yer, I'm puffing one of the weeds as the Baron offers to Albert Edward now! Jest put the rest o' these matches on the side-counter there, an' if any gennelman ever comes in wiv one o' Baron Rothschild's smokes an' wants a light, in future you tell him as he's welkim to take one wiv me!"

And, happier than ever any king was, he strutted out.

SAME THING!

It's really wonderful how expressions take after one another. Just before Whitsun we met a man—highly respectable, prosperous man, too—who had just had seventeen teeth drawn without taking "gas" or any other anæsthetic to deaden the pain, and we thought we'd never seen anything like the expression he wore till we came across another fellow—younger, ought to be happier, and certainly is doing better—yesterday. He'd been all the afternoon in a photographer's glass-house getting his twin sons and their St. Bernard pup "taken" to send to their oofy Grandpa on his seventieth birthday!

SHARP WORK.



"Snakes, old man, you look awfully chirpy; have you had a legacy left you?"
"Yes, cockie; and better than that. I've blown the whole bally lot!"

KATE'S CONUNDRUM.

REMARKED my wife (who's aye, with queer Conundrums, of my brain a worrier):

"I want you to describe, my dear,

The novelty of the *Daily Courier*

In just two words—two words which are

(It seems a strange asseveration)

Both spelt alike, yet different far

In meaning and pronunciation!"

"You're dreaming, Kate!" I curtly cried,

"It's surely an impossibility!"

"Nay, I have done it," she replied,

"And so may you, with great facility."

Whereon (because I loathe to fall

Afoul of Kate's fond, foolish fancies)

Through lexicons both large and small

I led myself no end of dances!

Till three long days and nights were past,

I wildly, witlessly, and wearily

My brain-pan racked. And then at last

My wife, compassionating cheerily

That brain-pan's denseness, said with glee

(I owned perforce her statement's trueneess):

"The *Courier's* novelty may be

Described, my dear, as NEWNESS'S!"

OUR LADY'S CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY LADY DOWDY.

ETIQUETTE.—You cannot very well tell your friend that you burnt your hand while cooking, it does not sound *comme il faut*. Write and say that you have met with an accident while bicycling, that is quite fashionable just now. Thank you so much for recommending us to the Y.W.C.A. They ought to be able to appreciate the efforts which we are making in their direction.

NEW W.—It does seem difficult at first, but it comes easy enough after a while. I find that the elastic ones are the most comfortable. First button them on behind and then carefully pull them over each shoulder, making sure that they don't get twisted, stoop a little while you lift up the—er—your—the things, and you will find no trouble in buttoning them on all right.

ANXIOUS ONE.—It certainly is customary for the man to buy the marriage licence, but if, as you say, he seems nervous and alarmed and talks about South Africa, it would, undoubtedly, be advisable for you to go with him and not to let him out of your sight. Doctors' Commons is the place—somewhere near St. Paul's Churchyard. Shall be delighted if you will. Always was fond of wedding-cake. A large piece, of course.

A MERE MAN writes seeking my assistance to find him a wife. He wants a woman young and beautiful, who doesn't gossip, and will never answer him back; won't ever grumble, find fault or complain, and will not talk to him when he wants to read the paper. I think "A Mere Man" had better apply to the Matron of the Royal Albert Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

SWEETNESS.—Pot Pourri is made of different flowers, spices, etc., according to taste. The following will be found a very agreeable mixture: Obtain a basin, and cover the bottom with a layer of finely-shredded onions, which should be sprinkled with salt, then a layer of sage-leaves, which dust with pepper, keep on with alternate layers until the basin is full, when it should be put in a warm place, and the odour will be found most appetizing.

THAT'S THE WORST OF THE 12.5.



Slops (who has been dining, meets his neighbour going by the last train). Pull r'shell t'gether, Kopps, ole man. Ill shce you (hic) come all ri! (hic)!

[Extreme satisfaction of Mr. Kopps, who is a most exemplary character.]

CHEERLESS CHAPPIES.

[A Bill is about to be introduced into the House for the shortening of the work-hours of Barmoids.]

How dense some philanthropists are, How selfish are some of their schemes; Note this, re the Belles of the Bar, And certain beneficent dreams.

Their game is to shorten the hours

That Barmoids in taverns now toil;

But have they considered such pow'rs

Will the joys of one class (at least) spoil?

For the Barmoid the plan may be happy,

But what's to become of the Chappie?

His Blitherness comfort now draws

In mashing, with phrases sublime;

At each barmoid he "Whats!" and "Haw-haws,"

Right on till the chucker cries "Time!"

If Barmoids aren't longer allowed

To slave until midnight draws near,

Bar-loungers with grief will be bowed,

And all through this measure severe.

When this cruel Bill comes on the "Tappy"

O, let us all cheer up the Chappie!



CHUCKS.
(A ROMANCE OF THE RAIL.)

CHAPTER XI.

CHUCKS went home a proud and happy man on the night on which he had dealt with the Smagg luggage. He felt no qualms of conscience in regard to the fell deed he had committed on the Smagg packages. Packages were not sentient things—they might be perfectly innocent of offence to Chucks, but they represented Smagg, and Smagg owned the Sprotchley. Chucks did



He only found Mrs. Smagg's male cousin.

not even hate Smagg—he only looked on him as a medium through which he might torture Sprotchley. He considered that he had begun to get even with the Sprotchley. Therefore he felt pleased. When he went home that night Annie Maria Morkins served him with his tea. Chucks kissed Annie Maria. Annie Maria had not used to being kissed by Chucks of late, and made no objection. Then Chucks toasted his toes and thought of wedded bliss with Annie Maria. When Annie Maria returned to carry off the tea things, Chucks actually remarked: "Annie Maria Morkins, I think it would not be a bad idea for me to get married." Annie Maria flushed suddenly, let fall a teacup, and said "Oh!" "Yes, Annie Maria; but don't break the dishes about it. Do you think the other party would have the same opinion?" "I don't know, I am sure; I don't know the other party," said Annie Maria, dubiously. "Oh! yes, you do," said Chucks, confidently. "You are the other party." "Am I," said Annie Maria, bashfully. "Yes, you're her. What do you say?" said Chucks. "How do you like the name of Chucks?" "It is a nice name." "Will you have it?" said Chucks. "I will," said Annie Maria. And so that business was settled.

Smagg was not cheerful. With Smagg all was quite the other way about. First his baggage had been grievously outraged, and he had got no consolation on an appeal to the stationmaster. That official had been polite. He had calmly listened to Mr. Smagg's account of the manner in which his packages had been maltreated, and at the close of the narrative he was merely sympathetically official. He was sorry that the accident had happened—very sorry, but at busy times such things could not be helped. Passengers must take care that their goods were properly packed, and he cases strong and secure, and then Mr. Smagg was bowed out to his cursing in the outer air, while the stationmaster retired to his room to write a strong recommendation to the general manager that Chucks should be speedily promoted as a most active and energetic and deserving railway servant.

And Smagg hied him home for comfort and consolation, but neither comfort nor consolation did he find there. He only found Mrs. Smagg's male cousin. Mr. Smagg had not been expected, therefore the supper for two, which Mrs. Smagg and the male cousin were devouring when Smagg arrived, was not enough for one. Smagg had therefore to wait while another chop was hastily done, and the wait did not add to the mitigated cheerfulness of Smagg.

For the presence of that cousin was as gall and bitterness to Smagg. Smagg had met him several times before, and Smagg did not like him. He called frequently since Mr. and Mrs. Smagg had been married. He found Smagg's whisky to his taste, and though he remarked that he had smoked better cigars than those kept by Smagg still he graciously condescended to smoke them. He had borrowed some money from Smagg; had gone off with his best umbrella and a pair of snow-shoes one wet night and never brought them back; and had taken many other cousinly liberties. Mr. Smagg ate his chop off a cold plate, which froze the gravy. He was not talkative. It was supposed he was tired, and the cousin refrained from disturbing him. They talked to each other and left Mr. P. A. Smagg abundant leisure to curse male cousins and railway baggage smashers.

(To be continued next week.)

SOUR GRAPES.



Johnnie. Far too fast for me!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

MUSEUM OF CURIOSITIES, WHITE HORSE, VICAR LANE, LEEDS, June 8th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—The "Award of Merit" you have kindly bestowed upon me is to hand, for which please accept my warmest thanks. I am now one of the proudest men in Yorkshire, and I shall do my best to retain it in my family as a most pleasant memento. Trusting Tootsie, family, and self are in good health.—I am, dear sir, yours sincerely, R. TOWNSEND.

PROMPT!

"ANYTHING in the world that my darling could wish. Estelle—I would cheerfully, willingly die for you!" It is hardly necessary to waste ink and space in a description of the young man who said these words, the girl he said them to, or the circumstances under which they were said. You're all familiar enough with such scenes. And yet there was one thing that lifted this couple out of the common run of loving noodles: the girl had grown positively sick of all this meaningless devotion. She had long since come to the conclusion that Adolphus was a windbag, that so long as she'd let him court her he wouldn't trouble about incurring the awful expense of matrimony; that it was time to give him the mitten. "You would?" she asked. "Willingly—gladly," he responded. "Right! Then from this moment henceforth you are to all intents and purposes dead—dead and stiff as Canterbury—(New Zealand)—spring lamb at two d the lb! I will touch the bell for Mary Anne, who will pop round to the undertaker's and order you a nice, plain, homely funeral. Rest in peace. No flowers, by request!" And with a kindly but irrevocable farewell wave of the hand she swept out of the room.

TROUBLE FOR BABY.



Young Wife. Oh Edward, do come in, I'm so—so frightened; we can't find your dress studs anywhere. Do you think baby could have swallowed them?
Husband. Great Scott, you don't say—, it will be deuced awkward if he has, deuced awkward! I must wear them to-night!

CITUAISHUNS I HAVE LEFT.
THE RECKERLEKSHUNS OF ELIZABETH MIFFINS ("GENERAL").
CHAPPTUR EIGHTEEN.

Thair was sum wun breakin into the place!
Foor a fu minnits, deer reeder, I set up in mi bedd parrerlised with horer. Every drop of mi blud froze in mi vanez, mi hart stud still, and mi hole boddy seamed terved to stone. Hear i wos, a young and unprotektid madun, aloan in a grate soliterry house, with onely a fraygyle doar tu keep me from the bluddy ruffians who wos p'raps pinin foar mi goar.
It was a fiteful predickymint, but as sune as the furst terryfying effects of the shok had parsed awai, and i began tu rekuver mi presence of mynd, mi thorts natchrally flu to sum meens of savin myself. I knu tu wel that it wos no good skreemin, thair wos no houses neer, and mi krise wood bring the miskryunts at wunce tu mi rume. Nither wos it enny good kovering up mi hed with the bedd klose, and shuttin out the sounds wih still broke on mi terryfde ears. Wile i wos sufferkatin beneeth the sheats the desprayedoze kood brake down the doar, seeze mi unrycistin form, and sla me at thair leseyer.
Ewen wile these thorts wos flashin thru mi brane, i kood still heer the brakin of glarse and the russeling in the scrubs, wih told me that the bergerlers wos havin sum difykulty in effeektin thair entree. All at wunce mi kurridge and presents of mynd seamed to kum bak tu me with a rush, and the thort of how i mite posserbli saive myself and p'raps mi marster's propperty okured tu me like a insperashun.
Springin out of bedd i sorttli opuned the doar, and krepin quickli down the korridor, i seessed the gun wot marster orlwais kept in a litul rume kord the studi, but wair no wun nevir did no studdyn that i ever see. Thair wos sum kartridges in a droar, and i put in tu, the yung boi wot kleans the butes, ancitra, avin tort me how tu lode the weppun in a hidul momunt. This dun i hasuns bak tu mi rume and gentli opuns the winder, and finds the bergerlers wos still strugglin tu git in. Thair wos no mune nor stars, and the nite wos dark and kloudy, but peerin ankshusli thru the glume i kood indistinkkle maik out the form of wun of the krimmynuls—a grate, burly ruffyn, who seamed to be pushin about furiosli in the bushis, not karin 'ow mutch noyse he maid. Of a sudden the startlin ideir okured tu me that p'raps tha had orlreddy broke in befor i woke up, and that tha wos now makin thair eskaip, staggerin under the wait of the sporie. The thort drove me tu madnis and bracid me tu a desperat hefut. Puttin the barrils of mi gun out of the winder i tuk ame at the burly forme i sor beneath me, and shuttin my i's tite, i puled both trigers at wunce. Thair wos a fiteful icksploshun, and sumthing seamed to stryke me with furyus forse in the chest, and uterin wun long and pearcin skreem i fel bakwerds into the rume and faintid ded awai.

(To be continued next week.)

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

CRICKET Note.—Geography Teacher. In what county is Shrewsbury? Boys (amazed at being asked such an easy one). Notts, sir; Notts!
SLOPER'S back garden in Battersea has reared more phlox than ever Norvall's father fed on the Grampian hills.
DISTINGUISH between a boy who is mad to join the East Coast fishermen and a confirmed drunkard.—"Dipeca"—maniac: dipso-maniac.

AT THE WAKE.



The Widdy McGaragle. Did he dole happy, Mrs. O'Gobbs?
Mrs. O'Gobbs. Begorra he did thot. Fwhy, whin his fayther sed he'd sint for the praste, he chucked the pottheen at him, and it hit the thafe av a Saxin square on the jaw, an' Poor Pat, begorra, he just doied av' laughin'.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

"I WISH, Alfrida," insinuated Mr. Newman, gently, as he poured his wife out a second cup of tea, "I wish, Alfrida, you would spare me a few moments this morning. I have such a lot of things I want to say to you before you go to the office."
His wife looked up sharply from the Sportsman, in which she had been studying the latest quotations on the Hunt Cup, and cast an inquiring look across at her spouse.
"I do hope, my love," she said, rather testily, "that you're not going to worry me about housekeeping matters just now; I'm really too busy to be bothered with them at present. I gave you your month's cheque only a week ago, and you really ought to have paid up everybody with that."
Mr. Newman pouted prettily. "How hasty you are, you silly old dear," he said; "it isn't about bills at all, I want to talk. It's—it's—"



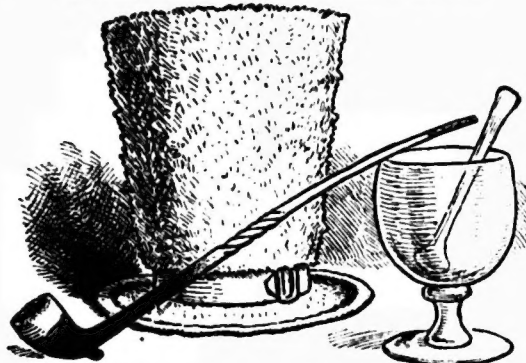
"Oh! don't, please, tell me you've had another row with the girl," cried his wife.
"Oh! no, it's not that," was the answer, "although she's dreadfully impertinent. I shall have to give her notice. Only yesterday when I told her to wash baby—but I'm going away from what I wanted to say."
"Say it, then, for goodness sake," thundered the now exasperated woman, "I suppose it's the same old talk about new clothes, not a thing to your back, and all that? Your wretched extravagance will ruin me. And look here, William, I do wish you would keep a box of matches somewhere about the place. Every time I want to smoke I have to search half over the house for some."
The tears began to well up into Mr. Newman's eyes. "I—I'm sure I'm very sorry, Alfrida," he said, in a sob-choked voice, "I do try to please you, but you—you're too cruel for anything, and I—I—!" Here he broke down utterly and burst into a flood of tears.
His wife pitched away her cigarette and, bending over him, laid her hand firmly but kindly on his shoulder. "There, there, my pet," she said, soothingly, "you mustn't cry; you'll only upset yourself, you know. You must forgive me speaking harshly, but I've been bothered about business a good deal lately, and these little domestic worries annoy me. Now what is it you want to say?"

True man that he was, the weeping fellow saw and grasped his opportunity. "You may kiss me, Alfrida," he said, turning up a smiling, but tear-dewed, face to hers, "and—and—and it's about our going to the seaside I want to consult you. I've been feeling very queer lately, and both Cissie and Tommie want a change badly, poor little dears. I thought as apartments are cheaper at the beginning of the season, we might go down, say, in a week's time, and you could arrange to come down from Saturday to Monday, and join us for a week later on."
And Mrs. Newman groaned inwardly as she pressed a hurried kiss upon her husband's cheek. That annual bogie, the seaside question, had once more come to haunt her.

THE SLOPER RELICS.

(Continued.)

No. 17.—TALL HAT, CHURCHWARDEN AND TUMBLER WITH CRUSHER, PRESENTED BY PRESIDENT KRUGER.



The Eminent thinks that he cannot do better, than to give a copy of the letter that accompanied these interesting Relics: "My dear SLOPER, I send you herewith, these articles for your renowned museum. My late go-to-meeting hat, which in its prime was the admiration of all in Pretoria, for its classic beauty and the fine quality of its beaver; my superannuated churchwarden (unfortunately stopped up), and my tumbler and crusher—I have no further use for the last-named, as I now drink from the bottle direct and for two reasons. The first, in order to emulate a man whom I admire for his spoofing talents, likewise his straightforward, outspoken over-the-left qualities. Need I say that I allude to your noble self? The second reason, to show your friend Chamberlain, and the British nation, that I am positively baby-like in my actions. May I ask as a favour, that you will place these Relics in a prominent place, and put a label on them stating that they are a free gift? This will tend to prove to you all in England, and Westminster in particular, my free, open-handed, generous dealings, and also that I had no desire to sell them. Thine for ever, KRUGER."

(To be continued.)



No. 434.—PROFESSOR A. F. JOHNS, F.O.S.
"Our artist has very fittingly portrayed the individual whose portrait this week graces our gallery as the Hindoo deity Vishnu, a god whose speciality lies in his innumerable hands, and his supposed capability of doing anything. Our hero's chief performance is pure sleight-of-hand, but conjuring, skating, vocal mimicry, comic singing, musical interludes, negro specialties, recitations and mesmerism, as well as his repertoire, and he is also known as a crack rifle shot, and a first rate athlete. Chiefly because he's an all round wonder, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him January 23rd, 1893."
—Debrett Improved.



"That man says he was once thirty days in an open boat without a drink." "Does he? Well, he looks as if he'd quite made up for it since."



Fond Relative. Really, Mr. Jones, that is a speaking likeness of your dear departed wife.
The Widower (with a keen memory). Really, I hope not.

THE SLOPER FAMILY AT DIFFERENT PERIODS OF THEIR LIVES.

No. 17.—LARDI LONGSOX.



AGED 5.—Miss Lardi Longsox was born in the profession. Her papa was a populace at the Royal Victoria Theatre, previous to which he played elephants' legs and waves. Her mamma was for many years leading lady at the Bower Saloon. Lardi at five figured as a flower in a transformation scene.



AGED 15.—Subsequently she was fortunate enough to procure an engagement in one of the Alhambra ballets as a dancing fish. Here it was that A. SLOPER, Esq., ever on the look-out for talent for the "Frivolity," first saw her, and advised the manager of that theatre to secure her.



AGED 10.—Five years later we find her filling her respected father's rôle of populace in the tragedy of *Virginia* at the Greenwich Theatre. He thought of training her for tragedy, but fortunately for the aristocratic frequenters of the famous "Frivolity" the idea was abandoned.

PRESENT DAY.—There is a certain amount of jealousy existing between Miss Longsox and Miss Tootsie Sloper, but that is only natural, of course; for were it otherwise, where would human nature be? A. SLOPER, Esq., takes a fatherly interest in this beautiful and talented girl. The above is from a photo by Plush, of Bond Street.



AGED 20.—She was promptly engaged, and has remained to grace those boards. This was a memorable year for her, for in the Christmas pantomime she received her first one-line part; but, unfortunately, she had to speak it on the opening night just as H.R.H. was entering the Royal box, and the loyal cheers drowned it.

A WALLFLOWER.



"Alone, Unfriended, Melancholy, Slow."

"WALK THIS WAY."



There is a shopwalker at Rhyd. Whose voice is a nightingale's trill, His ensemble is fine, His whiskers divine, And his smile is a boon to the till.

THE WATCH DOG.



"They can't muzzle me."

HEARD IN THE STREET.



Buttons. Why, my Guv'nor's business is awful risky. He could easily poison people if he wasn't careful.
Butcher's Boy. So could mine. Your Guv'nor makes sausages, too, don't 'e?

GIRLS BOB'S HAD TEA WITH.



One of the sweetest girls he ever met, and so original, too. The greater part of the morning she was in the sea, hunting for shrimps and winkles for Bob's tea. At least, that's what she said.